To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie.
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.
Cates. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kinde effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfull of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Catesby

Cates. Call them againe, my lo
Ano. Do, good my lord, leaſt a
Glo. Would you inforce me to
Well, call them againe, I am not
But penetrable to your kinde intr
Albeit againſt my conſcience and
Coſen of Buckingham, and you ſa
Since you will buckle fortune on
To beare her burthen whether I
I muſt haue patience to indure th
But if blacke ſcandale or foule-fac
Attend the ſequell of your impoſi
Your meere inforcement ſhall acc
From all the impure blots and ſtai
For God he knowes, and you may
How farre I am from the deſire th
Mai. God bleſſe your grace, w
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but
Buc. Then I ſalute you with th
Long liue Richard, Englands roya
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince
Buc. To morrow then we will
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy ta
Farewell good coſen, farwell gent
Enter Queene mother, Ducheſſe of
one doore, Ducheſſe of Gloſte
Du. Who meets vs heere, my
Qu. Siſter well met, whether a
Du. No farther then the Tow
Vpon the like deuotion as your
To gratulate the tender Princes
Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele
And in good time here the Liuet
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your
How fares the Prince?
Liu. Well Madam, and in heal